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IT is not the design of this Memorial to call attention to remarkable talents in this good man, or striking results in his life; but it has been thought, as one after another of these unsolicited expressions of esteem and appreciation came in, that it would be well to let the quiet strength and helpfulness of such an example be placed within the reach of his personal friends.

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SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

The subject of this memorial was a descendant of the sixth generation from Thomas Flint, who came from Mattock in Derbyshire, England, in 1635.

While in Boston he occupied an estate on the west side of Washington Street, a little south of Boylston Street. He removed to Concord in 1637.

He was a representative in the General Court of Massachusetts, 1638-39, 40 and 41, and Governor's Assistant (or Councilor) from 1641 to 1653, the time of his death, at the age of fifty years. Contemporaries agree in representing him as a "gentleman of wealth, talents, and eminently Christian character."

A son of his, named Ephraim, was a large landed proprietor, owning a large tract of land, including Flint's Pond, and the present Flint homestead in Lincoln, formerly a part of Concord. This farm has remained in the possession of the Flint family over two hundred years, and is at present owned by a brother of the deceased.

For four generations in succession, one in each, living on this farm, bore the name of Ephraim.

Rev. Ephraim Flint, of Hinsdale, Mass., was born at Lincoln, Nov. 29, 1828; and as he died on the evening of Nov. 28th, 1882, it will be seen he had just completed his fifty-fourth year.

At an early age he showed signs of peculiar talent in mathematics, while attending the village school, taught at that time by Mr. Thomas Hill, afterward President of Harvard College.

It was probably through Mr. Hills' interest and influence that his attention was first turned toward a student's life.

Rev. Dr. Hill, in a letter, dated Portland, March 7th, 1883, writes, "Ephraim Flint was one of the younger scholars. I well remember his excellence of behavior, and his remarkable clearness in the handling of all arithmetical problems.

"His face charmed me; there was a peculiar quality in his eye which I never saw excelled, a soft, deep brilliance, giving both moral and intellectual expression. The lapse of forty-two years, has of course obliterated the details of my intercourse with the boy; but no lapse of time can destroy my remembrance of his face, so radiant with purity and strength."

He became a Christian at the age of thirteen and joined the church in his native town, in which he always felt a deep interest.

He often said: "If ever I was a Christian I was at thirteen."

He had great faith in the conversion of children, and labored in his later years earnestly for it. Through the kind offer of a much-loved uncle, he decided to fit for College.

He recited Latin for a time to the Lincoln pastor, Rev. E. Newhall, then took the preparatory course of study at Philips Academy, Andover, and Lawrence Academy, Groton, and entered Williams College, graduating in 1851.

The years of academic and collegiate study—though he largely worked his own way—were happy years, years of faithful application, of extensive, yet careful reading, and of real spiritual growth.

The latter is fully indicated in letters to home friends, in which occur such expressions as this: "We seemed to breathe the air of Heaven, and could almost see the Saviour face to face."

It was often said of Mr. Flint: "He has such a wholesome religion." There was nothing morbid about him. He believed in the blending of the religious and the secular, but all was subservient to Christ and His kingdom. A sentence from his valedictory address before a Literary Society gives

an idea of the underlying principles of his life: "See to it that you are clad in such armor as shall repel all the shafts of error, sophistry, and of ridicule, which may be directed against you. Let it be strong; let there be no weak joints in the harness. Look more to the temper of your steel than to the burnish of your blade."

On leaving College he commenced teaching, the first year as Assistant, afterward as Principal in the Academies or High Schools of Orleans, Lee, and Lynn. Everywhere he won life-long friends. One associated with him for years as teacher says:

"His fine culture and exact scholarship gave high tone to the intellectual life of his schools. He taught of Heaven and led the way. The golden word was often spoken in the silver opportunity."

Mr. Wm. J. Bartlett of Lee writes: "Of Mr. Flint's success as a teacher it seems almost superfluous to speak, since it was obviously 'known and read of all men.' Problems intricate and abstruse to others seemed radiant with light to him. His own enthusiasm in the pursuit of knowledge he imparted to many of his pupils. I have come in personal contact with some of them in the walks of business life, and have been impressed with their clear and apprehensive insight into the rationale of things.

"Better even than the quickening of the mental faculties of those committed to his care, was the moral training which he kept apace with 'book knowledge.'

"Is it any wonder that under such leadership, reinforced by his faithful coadjutor (yet living), revivals of religion had their origin on our Academy Hill? There are many here, and scattered about in every part of our land, who bless God for the mental and moral privileges there enjoyed. His toils and cares and prayers are yet bearing perennial fruit. His devotion to the Master's cause was conspicuous. His untiring efforts in the Sabbath School, both as Teacher and Superintendent, and his hearty interest in everything pertaining to the spiritual welfare of those among whom his lot

was cast, were a rich blessing to us, and a precious prophecy of his future."

April 7th, 1857, while teaching in Lee, he married Miss Orilla J. Hagar of his native town, which proved a "true marriage," she entering heart and soul into all his life plans.

He taught until 1865, and then entered the Theological Seminary at Andover.

His mind had always been on the ministry, and he was never really satisfied until he reached it.

Mr. Flint's life would be incomplete without some allusion to his home, the one dear spot in all the world around which his strongest, tenderest feelings clustered. One needed to see him there to know the exceeding beauty of his character. His home bore witness to his culture, and his refinement. His library—his "Sanctum," as he playfully called it —was very dear and sacred to him. Here all were sure of a welcome, and many said, "we never go away without a blessing." Here he studied the "Book of Books," exclaiming more than once during those last weeks, with tearful eyes, "Dear old Book!" God heard the prayer embodied in the motto on the wall: "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." Here he prayed, commending burdened souls to the Savior. Here were the family devotions, morning and evening, with such a wonderful sense of nearness to Christ, as made one feel in the very presence chamber of the King. Here was the constant uplifting of spirit to Him whom his soul loved.

Here, on that last day, the busy brain worked, all unconscious of the crown so nearly won. Here, a little later,

——"He lay among his books,
The peace of God upon his looks."

In the shadow of the early night, in the "twinkling of an eye," he had passed to the "Land immortal."——

His birthday was in Heaven.

ADDRESS OF REV. A. C. SEWALL,

Williamstown, Mass.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS:

Acts 20: 17-27; 2 Timothy 4: 6-8; 2 Corinthians 5: 1-9.

TEXT: *2 Timothy 4: 7-8.*

It is not my purpose to make any extended exposition of these words.

We are to-day called upon to mourn the loss of one who sustained many important relations in life. It is therefore fitting that instead of one formal discourse, brief addresses having reference to these several relations should be made.

The words which I have quoted are the utterance of a man who could look back with satisfaction upon a long and useful life; of one who could look forward without dismay and with eager expectation to the crown awaiting him.

The Apostle Paul was eminent for the singleness and strength of his devotion to his Divine Master. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do" was the key note of his life. In that life there were many transitions, some very intricate passages, but when the harmony was fully resolved, the same fundamental tone appeared, dominating the whole. "None of these things move me," said he, "neither count I my life dear unto myself so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

He was not indifferent to the praise or blame of men, but he held these easily subordinate to the regard in which he sought to be held by Christ. "Wherefore we labor," said he, "that whether present or absent we may be accepted of Him."

The Apostle was also and alike eminent for the simplicity and fullness of his trust in Christ and the intelligent apprehension of the Gospel to which this admitted him.

Once self-righteous, after his conversion he laid claim to no righteousness of his own, but looked for that alone which is "through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." Once a zealous advocate of the law, he stands to-day among the sacred writers the most masterly expounder of the Gospel. His comprehension of the truth as it is in Jesus, his vigorous grasp of it in its vast and intricate relations, are among his most marked characteristics. Moreover, he had implicit confidence in Christ as "the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The Apostle Paul had no doubt as to the competency of the Gospel to regenerate mankind if its power could be adequately applied. Hence he "determined to know nothing among the Corinthians but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." "His preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

Equally marked in the Apostle were his diligence in proclaiming the Gospel and his pastoral fidelity toward the churches gathered by his ministry.

Never do we find more touching appeals, more earnest, affectionate exhortations to us as pastors than in his Epistles. They are the fruit of his own rich pastoral experience. As he approached the end of his ministry he was able to say truthfully, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day." His hope was well assured, his expectations well grounded, for he knew "whom he had believed," and in all his arduous life, looking not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen, he had lived in that "unseen" and was now ready "to depart and be with Christ."

I am deeply impressed with the fact that each of these characteristics of the Apostle Paul found in him whose loss we mourn to-day something analagous.

While a student in college, and faithful to his college duties, the things of the Kingdom of Christ were ever uppermost in the mind of Dr. Flint. As a teacher he sought by a thorough education not only to open to his pupils the treasures of earthly knowledge, but, still more earnestly, to make them acquainted with the Great Teacher, to introduce them to Him and persuade them to sit at His feet, that by learning of Him they might know that love which passeth all knowledge.

His faith in Christ was implicit and singularly intelligent. Clear in his conception of individual truths, he sought always to comprehend them in their mutual relations. Wisely conservative, as wisely liberal, pushing no truth to illegitimate results, holding none to the exclusion of its complementary truth, he manifested rare breadth of mind, coupled with keen insight and great candor.

This ability to take a central position respecting truth and view it comprehensively, characterized him also in his estimates of men. While not blind to the faults of any, he was quick to see the good in all, and generous in his estimate of it. In all my conversations with him, — and they were frequent and unrestrained,—I never heard him criticize others unfairly, and I never knew him to speak unkindly of any one. To us, his brother ministers, he was especially kind and courteous. Well established and strong in his own conviction, positive in his opinions, he never indiscreetly pressed these upon us. He conceded to us that which he held for himself, the right and duty of independent thought and research. Yet he had something in common with us all.

He was a unifier. He sought ever to emphasize and strengthen the bond of our common love to Christ and to deepen our common interest in the affairs of His kingdom.

He was faithful to his trust as a preacher. Consulting not his own tastes or preferences, but the terms of his com-

mission as an ambassador for Christ, I think he could have said truthfully, "I have declared unto you the whole counsel of God."

Of his work as a Pastor another will speak. I cannot forbear saying, however, that this crowded house, especially the presence of so many young people and children, bears touching and significant testimony to his fidelity in this respect. Is it not somewhat rare that a pastor is able to say, as he not long since said to a friend, "There is hardly a person in my parish of whose religious condition I do not know something from personal conversation."

I call you all to witness that he sought not yours but you. He sought you for Christ. He sought to introduce you to Him whom he loved supremely, and loving, found delight in His service. He longed to make him known to you in all the fullness of His love, that you also might know Him and the power of his resurrection. That power he knew. The divine touch had quickened him. Light from heaven had beamed upon his soul and henceforth he, like the great Apostle, lived in the "unseen." His life was hid with Christ in God. The eternal, the invisible, were to him the real. By faith he saw beyond. The veil which separated him from it parted and he passed within. A step only — that was all — and he whose pen was hardly dry from tracing thoughts of thanksgiving and praise heard the anthems of the redeemed and shared their songs of joy.

That which to-day wrings our hearts with anguish and suffuses our eyes with tears, to him is victory. He has entered into the possession of that for which he lived. His highest hopes, his most exalted aspirations, had their goal not here but yonder; yonder has he reached it.

Surely the words are applicable to him; if his lifeless lips could speak would he not utter them? "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge shall give me at that day."

FUNERAL ADDRESS AT HINSDALE,

By FRANKLIN CARTER, LL. D.,

President of Williams College.

"*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.*"

These words from the Apocalypse of the beloved disciple are entirely consonant with many words later recorded by the same apostle that had long before fallen from the lips of Jesus. It was with the fullest understanding of the labors and sorrows that awaited his disciples that Jesus said, "I go to prepare a place for you," and it was probably after the beloved disciple had seen something of the true experience of Jesus' followers in the midst of the formal and intolerant Jews that he wrote these precious words: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

What John saw and knew, in the latter part of his long and blessed life, of the antagonism that arose against those that loved and followed Jesus from those that regarded him as an impostor, doubtless revived in his memory over and over again the words of comfort and consolation that Jesus had spoken, and it is in his gospel that we find the most precious assurances of what Jesus is to the believer here, in this life, in death and in the hereafter. "I am the good shepherd." "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved and shall go in and out and find pasture." "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." "In the world ye shall have

tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you," to which the believing heart responds: yes, of course he would have told us, had it not been so.

And, my friends, it is to-day by the side of a grave, open to receive one whom some of us loved very tenderly, that we catch these far echoes of the Apocalypse and steady ourselves by the solemn motive that has given sweetness to many a sad dirge through these eighteen hundred years: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." And we take these pregnant words home to our hearts to-day, for we know that this brother "died in the Lord." We look back upon a life sweet and beautiful, and heroic with the imitation of the divine Master, and we know that all is well with the manly heart that had loved Jesus with no superficial, formal love, but with an ardor that seemed to say: "I must help fill up the measure of his sufferings." "I must be made conformable unto his death." We think of him, as but a few days since in the full possession of his strength and faculties, as walking in the accustomed paths, praying with his people, loving and watching with unceasing solicitude the delicate companion of his life, turning his eyes over the hills with warm affection towards the college that he loved, and then of a sudden, in the stillness of the night, noiselessly and easily taking his flight to the Savior, dying so peacefully in the Lord. The precious hymn of Montgomery comes back to us, freighted anew with sweetness and consolation, and we repeat it, as belonging to this beloved brother:

Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ!
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

His spirit with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Savior's joy.

"That they may rest from their labors, saith the Spirit.' Our beloved friend knew what labors were. He could have said, in all modesty, with Paul, "in labors more abundant." Life was to him in the fullest sense a conflict, or rather a series of conflicts. When, after teaching for many years, he was finally settled in this place as a minister of the Gospel, he seemed to establish, in his work here, among this beloved people, the old style of minister; to knit the closest connections with the rocky soil of these hills and valleys and to grow here like a stalwart oak, fearing neither the blast of winter nor the summer's sun. He was a "tree planted by the rivers of waters, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither." Whatsoever he did, prospered. How great strength there is in such an oak! What an economy and increase of forces in the life of the man who thus heroically gives himself to one field in God's service and cultivates it with assiduity and skill! The life of such

a minister of Christ's Gospel, even in such a quiet and retired town as this, seems to dwarf the brilliant success of the most gifted lawyers and financiers in a great metropolis, especially when we stand, as may all of us ever stand, in reverent awe before the cross of Christ.

I find in the record of the Congregational churches of Massachusetts for 1881 that there were six additions to this church in 1880, and but one loss, and that by death.

Had a similar ratio prevailed in the other churches, the additions for that year above removals would have been more than fifteen thousand, instead of the four hundred and twenty-four recorded. This ratio may have been, as such things often are, to an extent accidental. But there was a fidelity in our brother that entered into every relation of life. When the college that he loved was in a hand-to-hand struggle for life and was carried over the long crisis by the yearly subscriptions of her best sons of one hundred dollars each, or such proportion as should be needed, his name was down, with those of some men of wealth, for one share, and he yearly paid the assessment, when his salary was but twelve hundred dollars a year. It was not a tenth of his salary for God's kingdom; no, it was, or might have been, a twelfth of his income for a single object in that kingdom.

It is particularly from the relations of this good man to the college that I learned to know his worth and appreciate the resolute, but gentle manhood of his spirit. He was particularly fitted to hold relations with a college like ours, that is, as we believe, closely connected with the invisible kingdom. With him the love of learning and the love of God blended in singular harmony. I remember well how nearly fifteen years ago (it must have been in the beginning of his ministry) one of our idlest boys was sent away to be aroused and quickened in his work. When he returned to college his examination in Horace was so perfect, his knowledge so much more thorough and exact than we had ever been able to secure from him, that I asked him who

had been his tutor. It was "the Rev. Mr. Flint of Hinsdale." It was among these hills, under this beloved pastor whom we bury to-day, that this boy, hopeless as we all thought him, had caught the true meaning and beauty of Horace, and came back to show us how the right personal guidance of even the most indifferent mind will quicken into life the latent germs of power and taste.

Dr. Flint was for several years an examiner in the college, and the rather flattering report which he wrote in 1872 of his inspection of the work done in our college class-rooms was discriminating, and from his standpoint, just. In 1872 he became a trustee and during the ten years that he has filled this office he has been not merely faithful, but loving in his fidelity, and persistent in his efforts to increase the usefulness and exalt the scholarship of the college. None has rejoiced more heartily than he when prosperity has come. None has been quicker than he to acknowledge and emphasize the sweet lessons of adversity. When his convictions required it, he stood joyfully alone. When his convictions permitted, he was glad to be in the majority. He was prudent and watchful of the material interests of the college, but with that breadth of vision that always comes to the true minister of Christ, no matter how remote he may live from great enterprises or how ignorant of modern methods, he was quick to admit the necessity of the best equipments for the wisest teaching, and always gave an enthusiastic consent to what may have seemed large outlay from a narrow treasury, for the purpose of securing the best results in instruction. He believed in teachers, not in apparatus or buildings; but he believed, when the teacher had proved his capacity, in giving him every appliance he could profitably use. He was a man of tender humanity as well as of rigid justice. One of his last official acts was to send a letter to a young man, who had indiscreetly but ignorantly violated a principle laid down in regard to the distribution of the charitable funds of the college, so as to be no longer entitled to a share in

these moneys, relieving him of his disability, though gently and firmly insisting on the careful observance of the principle hereafter. He was not merely ready to deny himself comforts for the college he so ardently loved; he was ready to do work which his whole soul disliked, if he believed that it must be done and it was partly his duty to do it. His trusteeship was not an honor to be enjoyed. It was a solemn obligation, always to be fulfilled. He was ready to drink of the cup that his Master drank of, and to be baptized with the baptism that Jesus was baptized with, unless I greatly misunderstood him. In more than one crisis, it seems to me that he has held the framework of a great principle up alone and, in apparent unconsciousness of others' failure to stand by him, hardly knew how much he was lifting. As his day was, so was his strength.

There was, too, a kind of grand wisdom in the way in which he kept his obligations to this people from interfering with his obligations to the college, and never let his love of the college eclipse or lesson his love to this people. To both he was held by the most loyal love of the divine Redeemer. I know that I voice the sentiment of the trustees of the college when I say that he was a loving and faithful guardian of his Alma Mater. I know there will be an ache in many hearts, as the news of his death is learned and the sense of his loss creeps into the imagination of those who saw his patient acceptance of the annoying responsibilities of his relation to the college. For myself; his was the first hand held out to me after the request came to me in my sheltered home to come back to these just now bleak, but ever noble hills. He stopped at my house on his way home from New York the day after my appointment and gave me loving promises which he faithfully kept. To him I wrote frankly when I was feeling that I could not assume such a burden, and when at last I saw, or thought I saw, that with God's help I must try to lift it, he was the first or almost the first to know it. There was something of hope in all our hearts then. A loyal alumnus was soon to be inaug-

urated president of these United States. There were other signs of blessing. There have been changes in these eighteen months. Colt, the upright judge, Garfield, the ripe statesman, Clark, with greater resources than some European princes, and now the faithful minister, the sympathetic friend, the humble man of God, the last whom we thought of losing — he too has gone.

His was the first hand to grasp mine. It was almost the last. For over these intervening hills there came only a few days ago a message of love. I did not preserve it, but as I remember it now, it seems to me that the signature looked cramped and narrow. It may be an imagination. I know it was the same hand that signed it that has given consecration and blessing all these months. As the college loses such friends, involuntarily there rises the fear that there can be no more such — that we are left desolate.

But then the words of Jesus came back: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it shall bring forth much fruit." I think of the noble dead whose hearts loved the college, whose dust rests in this county, and it seems to me that the whole county is a sort of field — a kind of God's acre up from which must spring blessed harvests of golden grain — of loving hearts to bless the dear old home. I think of the gifted Dewey asleep in Sheffield, of the model Hyde and the godly Gale resting in Lee, of the scholarly Shepard at peace in Lenox, of the stalwart Colt in Pittsfield, of the beloved brother whom we bury to-day, of Albert Hopkins, the ardent, Christian Hebrew, of the saintly Gilson, of the manly Tenney (these latter three not inferior to the first three and buried in the college cemetery), and the distances by which this sacred dust is separated fade away and these noble dead seem to guard, as united and blessing spirits, the college that they so dearly loved.

But I must beg your loving pardon for speaking of our loss so freely, when yours must be so much more bitter and painful. There are men who are great and good away from

home. I do not believe that our brother was one of these. I know that he was loving, and tender, and just, and fair, and sweet, and intelligent, to every one who knew him, and that those who knew him best got from his simple, trustful and gracious life, from his knowledge of the scriptures and from his wise and kindly preaching, perpetual comfort and help; and to these, to the invalids, the anxious Christians, the aged pilgrims, the afflicted households in this community, we of the college offer our affectionate sympathies. With all these, and with the strong and rugged too in Hinsdale, we mourn.

But for him we cannot mourn. The rough mountain path has been exchanged for the golden street; the dim faith in the risen Lord has been exchanged for the divine presence; the oft repeated, oft despairing prayer has given place to the exultant song.

"And their works do follow them." Yes: never can we be the same as if we had not known this brother. Never can these hills look to me the same, as I ride through them on the cars, as if dear Dr. Flint had not lived here. But there will be, I hope, in your hearts and mine, a new quickening influence, and the memory of his goodness will help us to be faithful and the blessed faith that he "died in the Lord" will comfort our hearts. We have one more friend beyond—one more link with "the general assembly of the church of the first-born." The covered bridge is drawing nearer, but whether we cross it in the twinkling of an eye, as our brother did, or must spend months, or even years, in its dusty, dimly lighted, suffocating enclosure, we know that it leads to "the city of the living God, to the heavenly Jerusalem," to the prepared mansion in the Father's house. "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Remarks of Rev. Charles. H. Baldwin,

Amsterdam, New York.

I came from my distant home with no expectation of saying anything on this occasion, but to sit in silence and mingle my tears with yours in the midst of a common bereavement. In the absence of Dr. Jenkins, who was to have addressed you, whose absence we greatly regret, I am asked to say a few words; nor can I refuse.

My acquaintance with Dr. Flint has extended over all our ministerial life which is measured by his pastorate over this Church. Our relations have been quite intimate, and our lives have touched each other at many points. He has been the faithful friend and pastor of my father's family, and in a sense my pastor. I remember him as standing by the open grave and speaking words of comfort to my grief-stricken heart, a true "son of consolation."

Perhaps he revealed to me a phase of his inner life, as a minister, which would not be made known even to his most intimate friends among his people.

The pastor alone has no pastor. He has the Good Shepherd, as have all his flock, but no under shepherd to whom he may go.

There is little danger of speaking too highly of Dr. Flint's Christian and ministerial character. He was a man of prayer, of faith, of fidelity, preëminently a spiritually-minded man. "He walked with God" and is not, for God has taken him. He loved to think of, and work for, Christ. His ideal of Christian character and of Christian ministry was high.

My intercourse with him was in his little study, more than in all other places, and seldom have I been with him there but conversation has turned toward Christ, and his work in the church.

He loved this people. He was interested in his town, deeply interested in the College with which he was officially connected and from which he graduated, he was alive to the general interests of the Redeemer's kingdom; but he bore this Church on his heart—most of all was he anxious for your spiritual upbuilding. He loved you in Christ with a love stronger than you knew. Two years ago, when I was on my way to my present field of labor, he asked, "Which is harder, to go or to stay? Continuing, "I am afraid it would be harder for me to go than to stay and do the work required." So, impelled by love and duty, he labored on, sometimes in anxiety, sometimes in hope, but always in confidence in Christ until God called him to his reward, and to a higher service.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Has he not a two-fold immortality—the immortality of those who have a "building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and the immortality of those who, under divine guidance, have coined their lives into good works, and have made indelible impressions on human hearts? His works will follow him.

I have a message to the young people, and especially to the young men of this congregation, which I have been asked to deliver if ever I should have opportunity. I shall never have a better time. It is this: "Tell them how anxious Dr. Flint has been since his vacation to see them coming to Christ. Only the evening before his translation he looked anxiously over the Church roll to see how many names were recorded there under twenty years of age. In the last weeks of his life his great thought has been, "How can I bring them to Christ?" He could not bear the thought of the winter passing without a work of grace that should change their hearts. I hardly need bear this message to you who have heard his prayers and his burning

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words in sermon and lecture. You have felt his intense earnestness and deep love for your souls. Literally he was coining his life in holy endeavor to bring you to the Savior. If those lips, now silent in death, could speak, what would they say that they have not already said; what but this? "Set yourselves apart unto God." You will hear his voice no more, yet he speaketh — speaketh in the memory of godly life, of faithful preaching, of earnest entreaty — speaks in behalf of his Master for your salvation. May God sanctify this sorrow to you — to this whole congregation — and may you remember that God has called to Himself a pastor who loved you, whose great thought was to have you presented blameless before the Father.

He rests from his labors and his works do follow him.

EXTRACTS FROM SERMON

PREACHED AT LINCOLN, ON THE SABBATH AFTER THE DEATH OF REV. EPHRAIM FLINT, D.D.

By REV. H. J. RICHARDSON.

Thanksgiving week, the time of gladness and family reunions, has brought a fresh cloud of sorrow with separation and the last farewells. The announcement of the death of the Rev. Ephraim Flint, on Wednesday, came to us as a shock and surprise. It is but a few weeks since he was here in the home of his boyhood, and a worshipper in this house of his fathers. Last Sabbath he preached as usual to the congregation to whom he had ministered so acceptably for fifteen years. On Tuesday evening he laid down his pen with the thought that his Thanksgiving discourse was well advanced, and before midnight had entered into his rest. He died as a true soldier of the Cross; as a man like him would choose to die, at his post, about his Father's business.

It is fitting that we should turn our thoughts to the lessons of his life. He was a Lincoln boy. His ancestors were among the settlers of the town. He was a child of this church. His fathers were conspicuous among its founders. Household influences tell on the character and destiny of children. It is no surprising thing that at the early age of thirteen he felt his own need of the forgiving love of his Saviour and his duty of giving himself to his service. He heard the Divine voice. He followed his Lord. No one ever had any reason to doubt the sincerity of his purpose and the genuine character of the work which was wrought in his heart. As his mind matured his religious beliefs were deepened, and his desire to honor and serve his Master was confirmed. Life to him was real and earnest. As a boy,

working on his father's farm, or studying Latin under the tuition of his pastor, Rev. E. Newhall, as a young man measuring his powers in the attritions and generous competitions of college halls, as a teacher stimulating, guiding, helping and controlling the pupils that came under his care, as a minister holding forth the word of life and striving to bring men unto the service of Christ, he has left a most honorable record, and an example which any boy, or youth or man in any one of these spheres of effort might profitably study. It was no languid, intermittent, half-hearted endeavors that he gave to these successive labors of his life. Whatever he did, he did with his might, with an honest, conscientious persistent purpose, and so success crowned his efforts.

From his manifold labors, in a moment, he has gone. And there is a great vacancy in the family circle and in the wide sphere of his professional activities and interests.

When he began to preach in 1867, again and again he kindly yielded to my solicitation, when he had a spare Sabbath, and filled this pulpit, always discoursing in an earnest, instructive and forcible manner. The remark of Rev. Dr. George H. Gould at the funeral of Dr. Manning would equally apply to Mr. Flint: "Behind all his sermons stood the consecrated man, the servant of the Lord Jesus, the embassador of the Crucified One, beseeching, in his Master's stead, men to be reconciled to God. He, if ever any man did, preached out of his own heart. He believed and therefore spoke. He proclaimed and gloried in a gospel that had saved him, and therefore his ministry was a ministry of power." Dr. Duryea's words respecting Dr. Manning are also equally applicable to Mr. Flint: "It was his aim to hold fast to essential truth and let nothing go until his groping hand could reach the truth which was to lead to light. He knew that truth was essential, and he knew that spiritual penetration comes with experience; he sought to know the truth by living truly, and so to read in God's word God's own spirit."

The last sermon of Mr. Flint in this pulpit was upon the text: "And all that sat in the Council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel." Acts vi: 15. Subject: The angel face! What it is; How it may be attained.

We believe that he has passed beyond the transfigurations of earth into the immediate presence of his Master; into the seats of the glorified; into the pleasures which are at the right hand of God; into the mansions of everlasting rest.

RESOLUTIONS.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF HINSDALE, MASS.

At a meeting of the Congregational Church of Hinsdale, held in the Lecture Room, January 6th, 1883, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, God in his mysterious providence has called to his reward our loved and honored pastor, Rev. EPHRAIM FLINT, D.D., therefore

Resolved, that we, members of the Church to which he ministered for more than fifteen years, do hereby express the deep sense of loss and sorrow as a Church, and personal affliction which we experience in his death, and our tenderest sympathy for his grief-stricken wife and family.

Dr. Flint was an able, faithful and instructive preacher, of eminent spirituality which was always apparent; as a pastor he was devoted, sympathetic and kind to all, especially to the sick, the sorrowing, the poor and needy; for the children and youth of this Church and parish he had a father's interest and a mother's love; his constant desire and prayer to God for them was that they might be saved.

Entirely consecrated to his Divine Master, he was ever ready to go anywhere or perform any service which he thought duty to Him demanded; his desire to bring souls to Christ was the main-spring of his life and labors here: to effect this no effort or sacrifice seemed too great; to do and give for other's good, for Christ's sake, was a pleasure to him.

As a counselor and friend he was wise, safe and true.

During his long pastorate, his rare purity of character, and benevolent life, constantly won our admiration and love, and commanded our profound reverence.

In his death we lose an able leader and noble example; a devout suppliant at the throne of grace; a large-hearted, unselfish Christian friend, brother and pastor who only sought our highest good.

Resolved, that we express to Mrs. Flint, his brothers and sister, our deep sorrow, and tender to them our hearty sympathy.

Resolved, that we express to President Franklin Carter, the Reverends A. C. Sewall, C. H. Baldwin, T. T. Munger and J. L.

Jenkins, our sincere thanks and high appreciation of their fitting and impressive services at the funeral.

Resolved, further, that these Resolutions be placed in the records of this Church, and the clerk be directed to furnish copies to Mrs. Flint, the brothers and sister, to the scribe of the "North Berkshire Association of Ministers," to President Carter, the Reverends Sewall, Baldwin, Munger and Jenkins.

REV. DR. FLINT'S DEATH.

The Action of the Berkshire North Association of Congregational Ministers.

Berkshire County Eagle, Dec. 15, 1882.

At the regular meeting of the Berkshire North Association of Congregational Ministers, held in Pittsfield, at the First Church, December 4, 1882, the following resolutions respecting the decease at Hinsdale, November 28, in the midst of his days of usefulness, of Rev. Dr. Ephraim Flint, were read and adopted:

Whereas, God in his infinite wisdom has called to his reward our loved and honored brother, EPHRAIM FLINT, therefore,

Resolved, that we, his brethren in the Christian ministry, do hereby express the profound sense of loss which we experience in his death and our deep sympathy with his bereaved wife and kindred, and his afflicted people.

We recognized in Dr. Flint a man eminent for intellectual strength and ability, scholarly attainments, and singleness of purpose in the service of his Divine Master: As a teacher, sitting ever with his pupils at the feet of the Great Teacher, desiring, for himself and them, the education of rightly directed powers, and that insight into truth and life which only faith in Christ can furnish; as a preacher, seeking first of all to be "accepted of Him" who had called him to that office, cautious in research, prudent in utterance, feeling deeply the responsibility of an embassador for God, conservative yet not illiberal, forceful with the energy of intelligent faith and clear conviction; as a pastor, always kind, considerate and singularly faithful; to us, his brother ministers, a Christian gentleman, never compromising his own convictions or denying to others the right and duty of independent thought

and reasoning, regardful of other's feelings, pained at the thought of giving pain, wise in counsel, firm in reproof, sympathetic, candid, courteous.

By his long pastorate, devoted entirely to the Church which now mourns his loss, by his care for neighboring churches, by his faithful service as a trustee of Williams College, and in other official positions, he had acquired an extended and steadily increasing influence.

In his death we lose one from among us who, by his rare fidelity in all the relations of life and his excellence in all, commanded our profound respect, confidence and love.

Resolved, that we hereby express to his people, his family, and especially to Mrs. Flint, our deep sorrow, and tender to them our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, further, that a copy of these Resolutions be furnished the scribe of this Association, for entry upon the records of the Association, to such local and religious papers as may be designated by vote of the Association, to the clerk of the Congregational Church of Hinsdale, to the president of Williams College, and to Mrs. Flint.

By vote of the Association.

W. F. Avery, *Scribe.*

TRUSTEES WILLIAM COLLEGE.

At a meeting of the Trustees of Williams College held in the city of New York, December 28th, 1882, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased the Great Head of the Church to remove by death Rev. Ephraim Flint, D.D., an alumnus and devoted friend of Williams College, and for ten years a faithful and exemplary member of its Board of Trustees.

Resolved, that we cherish his memory as that of a brother beloved, and that his self-denying attention to the College has been and will be an inspiration to us in our efforts to increase the efficiency and usefulness of the College.

Resolved, that we recognize in his fidelity to the College the outgrowth of a loyal love to the Divine Master which, carried into every relation of life, dignified and enobled all his thought and work.

Resolved, that we extend to his Church and society in Hinsdale, and especially to his widow and surviving brothers and sister, the assurance of our warm sympathy, and of our recognition, however inadequate it must be, of their bitter personal loss.

Resolved, that copies of these Resolutions be transmitted to Mrs. Flint, to his brothers and sister, to the Church and society in Hinsdale, and that a copy of them be spread upon the records of the College.

A true copy. J. WHITE, *Secretary.*

BERKSHIRE COUNTY BIBLE SOCIETY.

In company with all the agencies in the County seeking the highest human good, the Berkshire County Bible Society is bereaved in the death of Rev. Dr. Flint, of Hinsdale.

He was its wise and efficient supporter, contributing to it counsel, influence and money.

By presence and participation he added to the profit of its public meetings.

It is therefore wholly fit that the Society, assembled in annual meeting, make expression of its sense of loss in Dr. Flint's death, and bear testimony to his great worth as a man, and to his valuable services in behalf of those interests which are the special care of this Society.

The Society orders the above recognition to be put on its records, and a copy to be sent by the Secretary to Mrs. Flint.

JANUARY 17, 1883.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

From PROF. EDWARDS A. PARK.

Andover, Nov. 30th, 1882.

I have long admired your dear husband's rare simplicity of character, his earnest and enterprising spirit, his devotedness to his work. While connected with Andover Seminary he was an indefatigable student, faithful, and conscientious in attending to all that was required of him. He spared *no* pains, shrank from *no* self-denial, never seemed to relax his purpose to make the most of himself. His improvement was rapid and great.

He was remarkably accurate in his statements, punctilious in his style.

The characteristic which I should first apply to him as a Seminary student is *trustworthiness*. His countenance in the Lecture Room is indelibly impressed on my imagination. It imaged forth his honest and amiable spirit.

I can never forget his kindness as a friend, and I feel personally bereaved in his departure from the world. * * * * It would have afforded me real solace if I could have attended the obsequies of your dear husband, and especially if I could have told his church and parish how much I esteemed and loved him. * * * *

From P. A. CHABOURNE, D.D., LL.D.

Ex-President of Williams College.

Amherst, Nov. 30th, 1882.

Dr. Flint was one of the best friends I ever had.

In private life his friendship was sweet, and as a Trustee of the College his wisdom and love of truth were a blessing to the Institution, and a constant source of strength and comfort to me, during all my administration.

As Pastor, Trustee and friend, Dr. Flint has performed a great work, and his loss will be widely felt.

I would that I could be with you, to pay my last tribute of respect to one who has been, in all the relations of our lives, like a brother.

[This letter acquires an increased interest from the fact of Dr. Chadbourne's triumphant death, February 23rd, 1883.]

FROM S. IRENAUS PRIME, D.D.

NEW YORK, DEC. 9th, 1882.

Mysterious indeed are the ways of God with men, yet why should it seem strange that He should admit to His immediate presence, and to Infinite joy, one so fitted by grace, as was your beloved and noble husband, to enter His Courts on high.

Ten years ago I first met him, and I loved him at first sight. He was so gentle, sincere, pure, sweet, so genial, pleasant, tender, and also strong; he was so wise in counsel, so decided in the right, so true to every trust, so candid, reasonable, and charitable to the opinions of others, while firm in his own, that we had the most implicit confidence in him, and the highest respect for his judgment.

His scholarship was so broad and accurate that he was invaluable as a College examiner, and his loss in every relation is irreparable.

* * * * * * * * * *

FROM PROF. E. H. GRIFFIN, WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

DEC. 2nd, 1882.

You know from others how severe we feel Dr. Flint's loss to be to this College.

No institution ever had a more devoted and unselfish friend than was Dr. Flint to Williams College. All who have been familiar with the affairs of the institution for the last ten years, know that no one in the Board of Trustees has rendered more important service.

Besides the sense of loss to the institution, we who have seen him here, so punctually and patiently, from year to year, have a keen sense of personal bereavement.

I had come to have a very warm and tender feeling toward him.

* * * * Our feeling about him enables us to realize in part the grief of his bereaved church and parish, who were so constantly in his thoughts.

You will have the sympathy and prayers of the brotherhood of churches, whom Dr. Flint served so often upon Councils, and as clerk of the Association, and in other ways.

There are few, very few, such men in the ministry.

FROM JUDGE DEWEY, OF WORCESTER.

DEC. 3rd, 1882.

* * * * My acquaintance with Dr. Flint came out of our association as Trustees of Williams College. I had looked for a

long life for him, and felt that with him as chairman of our Executive Committee, that the College was in safe hands, and I hoped much for it, in the future, from his faithfulness and sound judgment, and I know not who can fill his place. The longer one knew him the more he appreciated his value.

From CHAS. A. DAVISON, ESQ.

New York City, Dec. 2nd, '82.

* * * * I felt, and continue to feel, your husband's death as a personal sorrow and loss. He was so good, and his nature was so kind and genial, that I was very much attracted towards him. I always felt, concerning him, that he was an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile. We shall miss him very sadly at our commencement gatherings.

He will be greatly missed too in the College, he was so helpful in its interests. How much he will be missed in his parish, I can well imagine, and I think I can also imagine, though but faintly perhaps, how much he will be missed in his home. Your consolations however are very rich. You know full well where he now is, glorious and immortal. I am sure the golden gates swung back on easy hinges, when the spirit of your departed husband took its upward flight. * * * *

From REV. EDWARD TAYLOR,

Former Pastor in Hinsdale.

Binghamton, N. Y., Dec. 1st, 1882.

Somehow I had not associated death with him, but have had an idea that he would have one of those long ministries at Hinsdale, such as Dr. Hyde had at Lee, Dr. Shepard at Lenox, and Dr. Field at Stockbridge.

Dr. Flint certainly had those *enduring* qualities, which make such permanency possible. Solid, practical, consistantly pious, intellectually strong, well finished and well balanced, he also possessed in an unusual degree that, for lack of which many ministers, gifted and brilliant, fail — *sound common sense.*

His worth was in the grain; not a matter of renewing or of pigment, but real solid oak and maple. By so much the more is the affliction of his household and parish deepened; and yet by so much the more will memories of him be precious, and he continue speaking.

FROM MR. WILLIAM J. BARTLETT.

LEE, FEB. 11th, 1883.

Dr. Flint's mind was unceasingly active. His mental labor was untiring and enormous. Ah! those high aspirations; those lofty flights of imagination; those gleams of poetic fire which were so often revealed in his writings and sermons — what fulfilment they now have in the blessed fruitions of the Heavenly service!

Pure in heart and prudent of speech; courteous in bearing; guileless, sensitive, tender, loving, holy; I wonder not that our Father took him Home. I only wonder that He kept him here so long to bear the conflicts, trials, and burdens of this sinful life.

FROM Mr. D. L. BOARDMAN, TROY, TO PRES. CARTER.

DEC. 1st, 1882.

What can we do without our Friend? Ever ready — trusty — a strength in council — devoted in heart — active in support — and in everything. How we shall miss him!

I would rather by far have been a mourner at his funeral—to show my love for his Christian character, his manly worth, and judicious councils, for his noble modesty, and fearless support of the right — than if he had left millions.

Notices of the Press.

PITTSFIELD DAILY EVENING JOURNAL.

Nov. 29th, 1882.

A sad loss to Berkshire—Sudden death of the Rev. Dr. Flint, of Hinsdale.—It is rarely indeed that we are compelled to announce so sad tidings as came to us this morning.

The Rev. Ephraim Flint, D.D., the pastor of the Congregational Church in Hinsdale, was attacked last evening with neuralgic pain in the stomach, which speedily passed to his heart and ended his life. It has been said recently that the extinction of one human life is of no moment in the vast movements of humanity, in the vastness of God's dealings with his creatures, but to our limited comprehension it often seems that a man's death does have an ill effect upon a great cause in which he is engaged, or in a field, large or small, in which we had seen him doing good work. Doubtless the Ruler of the universe rules well in all his dealings with his creatures, but in the view which is permitted to us, it seems that if ever a man was cut off in the midst of his usefuluess, it could be truthfully said of Dr. Flint.

His pastorate has been one of eminent success founded upon much ability and the most untiring industry; which was recognized by his Alma Mater some years since by conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was a good preacher, possessing more than ordinary ability as a pulpit orator; but his great strength lay in sound judgment, discreet but ardent zeal in his Master's service, sincere and abounding faith. With these qualities he labored in one of the most important and growing pastoral fields in Berkshire, and he took high rank among the clergy of the county. And it is much that we are able to say that he was as much beloved as he was respected. As a worker, and as a friend, he will be sadly missed in the religious world of the county.

BERKSHIRE COUNTY EAGLE, PITTSFIELD.

Nov. 30th, 1882.

Sudden Death of Rev. Dr. Ephraim Flint.—A deep and unexpected gloom has been thrown over the Thanksgiving festivities at Hinsdale by the sudden death, Tuesday evening, of Rev. Dr. E. Flint, for the last fifteen years the beloved pastor of the Congrega-

tional Church. He had not been in perfect health for a year or more past, but his symptoms were not of a character to cause immediate alarm. He seemed to be nearly as well as usual on Tuesday, and was out on the street twice, though he complained of what seemed to be neuralgic pains in his stomach. He was occupied during the afternoon until dark, preparing his Thanksgiving sermon. In the evening he grew worse, sent for the doctor, and within an hour after, or at about 10½ o'clock, he was dead, his decease being attributed to a neuralgic affection of the heart. * * * * * * * *

One of Dr. Flint's prominent characteristics was goodness, and his life was the life of a strong, good man. The acts that stand out all along are acts of simple-hearted righteousness. He is remembered at Lee for his unostentatious words in the public meetings, for his never failing judgment of right and wrong in town affairs, for those burning words of his when the news came that Sumter had been bombarded; he is remembered at Andover for his fathering of American education in Japan, in taking the young native Joseph Neesima into his heart and home, for teaching and inspiring him, and helping to fit him for that great work which he is now doing in his country; remembered in the ministers' association of Northern Berkshire, whose faithful secretary he was for nearly 15 years, for his firmness in sound and gloriously old-fashioned Christianity; remembered among his people for far more than pages will express. Not the most eloquent preacher in the county, but one of those whom the county could least afford to lose.

In secular as well as religious life, Dr. Flint has been a prominent figure in the county. No minister, unless filling a local pulpit, has been better known in Pittsfield. A few weeks since he exchanged with Rev. Mr. Hamlin. At the conference at Dalton the first of the month, he, perhaps, almost more than any other, commanded the closest attention of all. Possibly it was his educational work that made him far more of a student and scientific scholar than most clergymen. Four years ago, when he visited Europe for a few months, a German savant said of him, "He has got more honest learning than any American I ever saw." In his studies as well as in everything else the rule he followed was, "to be, rather than seem to be." Hinsdale has indeed met with a loss that will be well nigh irreparable.

SPRINGFIELD DAILY REPUPLICAN.

Nov. 30th, 1882.

Death of Rev. Dr. Ephraim Flint—Berkshire County suffers a moral loss in the removal of so sensible and strong a man as Rev. Dr. Flint of Hinsdale, who died suddenly of heart disease Tuesday

night. He complained of feeling unwell Tuesday, but supposing it to be a passing neuralgic trouble, he spent the afternoon in preparing his Thanksgiving sermon. He retired at 10 P.M., and in half an hour he was dead of neuralgia of the heart. Dr. Flint was but 54 years old, in the prime of his usefulness and intellectual strength, and every inch a man of that substantial and genuine quality which has been the boast of the old New England Congregational ministry. His death falls with crushing weight upon a united and devoted people. * * * * * * * * He studied theology at Andover, and in 1867 was called to the Hinsdale Congregational Church, which was his first and only pastorate. He identified himself thoroughly with the church and town and filled a large place. Dr. Flint was married to Miss Orilla J. Hagar of Lincoln in 1857. Modest, unaffected, reliable, having deep convictions and the courage to enforce them at all times, Dr. Flint was a fine example of the unselfish Christian gentleman. He did useful work as a trustee of Williams College and that institution conferred upon him the degree of D.D. The Thanksgiving services at Hinsdale, over which Dr. Flint was to have presided, will be omitted to-day, and the sorrowing people will bury their dead from the Congregational Church at 1.30 P. M. to-morrow.

LEE, MASS., VALLEY GLEANER.

Dec. 6th, 1882.

Rev. Ephraim Flint, D. D. — Lee people could scarcely believe the sad tidings flashed over the wires from Hinsdale, last Wednesday morning, that Rev. Dr. Flint was no more. Meeting him, as so many did, but a few days previous, apparently in the full vigor of health, it seemed almost incredible that he should now be among the dead. The deep personal feelings of love and respect cherished by so wide a circle of friends, together with the almost involuntary thought of the work for which he was so admirably adapted and which seemed to rest almost solely upon his shoulders, compelled the mind to turn shudderingly from the possibility that the tidings were true. Yet even so the all-wise disposer of human events had ordered, for reasons perchance unfathomable by finite ken, yet recorded, we cannot doubt, in the book of eternal counsels.

From 1856 to 1862 he was principal of the high school in Lee. * * * * * * * * * During his residence in Lee, Dr. Flint so endeared himself to the people by his rare personal qualities, and became so thoroughly identified with her interests that he has since been considered almost one of our own citizens, and,

urely, no less strong was his attachment to Lee. He was also greatly interested in Williams College, and, as a trustee, has done faithful work, aiding by influence and means every movement that looked towards her welfare.

Dr. Flint will be greatly missed as a pastor. Rarely can be found united in one man those qualities which contributed so largely to his success. Devotion, untiring zeal, discretion, sound judgment, an able mind and a singularly pure and holy life all contributed to render him one of the most efficient of pastors. He will be missed as a citizen. Ever on the side of right, giving staunch support to every public movement which commended itself to his judgment and conscience, his advice and influence were often sought. But far deeper will be the sense of personal loss among a wide circle of friends. None knew him but to love and respect him. As a wise counsellor and sympathizing friend he had accomplished a work, the influence of which will live through untold years, and his untimely death will leave an aching void in many a sorrowing heart. One Sabbath occupying his pulpit in health and strength, with every promise of years of usefulness, the next dead and buried, his voice hushed in the stillness of death, his home closed and friends departed, such is indeed a sad commentary on human frailty.

PITTSFIELD SUN.

Dec. 7th, 1882.

The funeral of Rev. Dr. Flint was attended from his late residence and the church on Friday last, and there was a large and general assembling of the people of the town to pay their last respects to the well loved pastor and citizen. The church was draped in black around the pulpit and along the gallery front, and a large floral pillow had the words, "Our Pastor," in the centre. The church took entire charge of the funeral, paid all the expenses, and offered Mrs. Flint the gift of a burial lot. There were several clergymen present, taking part in the services. The address was by President Carter, of Williams College, and it was a beautiful and earnest tribute. The bearers were, representing the older citizens, Lyman Payne, C. J. Kittredge, James Hosmer, Milo Wentworth, James White and Edward Clark; the younger people were represented by L. M. Payne, Jr., James Kittredge, Henry Sears, T. A. Frissell, Alden Pierce and William Wentworth. Pastor Flint's death is regretted by the whole community. His pure, lovely, saintly life, won for him the respect of everybody, and his place in the Church and the town will be hard to fill.

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